

Berkeley



Tribe

Published by the Red Mountain Tribe, Inc.

Volume 6, No. 16

Issue No. 125

December 24-31, 1971

Revolutionary Fiction P.8
Cuba and the Pirates P. 10
Soledad Brothers P. 3

35¢ here 30¢ there



Allende Elected

AMERICONG



LIBERTAD PARA TODOS LOS PRISIONEROS POLITICOS !



Panther 21 freed



IT YUNIT IT YUNIT



Vancouver Women's Conference



Joi Bangla!



YOU ARE NOW ENTERING FREE DERRY

Soledad trials



china admitted to un



Viva la Raza



PRAIRIE FIRE
RM 210 NORTHERN CROWN
BLDG
REGINA SASK CANADA

COMMUNITY ALIVE

MUSIC

Musicians are needed to perform for prisoners. Call Betty at 863-1604. Transportation will be paid.

DANGER

Women, watch out for the corner of Parker and Telegraph after dusk. One woman was just recently attacked there by three men who got out of their car. When she started screaming people from the neighborhood came out in the street to help, and the men split. There have been five other such incidents there recently. It is important for us to know which areas in the community are particularly dangerous and high in assault incidents and deal with that. Beware of Parker and Telegraph.

BROTHER

Brother, a newspaper published by men against sexism, is sponsoring a meeting to form new small men's groups. Struggle around our sexism and giving one another support forms the basis for these groups. The meeting will be at the Free U, 2200 Parker St. (corner of Fulton) on Monday, January 10th at 8pm.

P.S. Brother is trying to get in touch with all existing men's groups. If you're in one now, please contact the Brother Switchboard between 12 and 4pm and leave your name and number. Phone number is 549-0649.

GROVE ST.

The Peralta board met last Monday, Dec 20, at the East Bay Skill Center. This time some of the Trustees threw some sparks at President Hal Michaels.

Michaels seemed determined to make his point again: that Grove St. College should be closed and no fourth college built-even to the point of personally financing a poll among the Peralta colleges.

Alameda's Michaels re-inserted his pet theme by reading a 5-minute statement into a discussion of the selection of the fourth college site, arousing the indignation of Anderson, Jackson, and especially Aller (trustees) this arrogant implication that only he considered the taxpayers and the whole "Peralta Family" and that they all had their heads in the sand. At one point tempers flared to the point where acting chairman John Anderson of Oakland threatened to adjourn the meeting.

In a withering attack made by Berkeley Trustee Curtis Aller, he blasted Michael's attempt to use an "amateurish poll in the emotional context of a budget squeeze" saying that it was destructive to cohesive action by the Board, and reminding him that Alameda's original \$1,100,000 tax contribution compared poorly to Berkeley's \$2½ million and the amounts paid by Albany and Emeryville, and was far less than the amounts the District put into operating the College of Alameda.

Albany's Booker Jackson denounced Michaels' actions as being strictly political for the sake of headlines. Veteran Trustee Margaret Hayes' dry response to Michaels' charge of a "conspiracy" against his 9-page paper was perhaps the most crushing: "We've heard all this before--there was nothing new." He did not look at all sides, but only the economic, and had failed to see the social and educational considerations. Maureen Haight of Save-Our-College expressed amazement at the Board's indulgence in permitting one member to conduct an extended personal campaign to overturn a decision which had been made twice by the previous board and once by this present one, undermining their actions as a Board. The resolution to seek the waterfront site was passed with Michaels dissenting and Hayes abstaining.

John Skrable of SOC pointed out to the Board that many students preferred Grove Street because of positive educational values, aside from convenience. Students seek a healthy educational environment--which Grove street, as a small intimate college, provides. After much study, Skrable said, he had come to the conclusion that the arguments against Grove Street were not financial, but rather stemmed from an unwillingness to grant education to "uppity niggers and hippes."

The community is committed to the fourth college at Grove. What is needed now is for the Board to follow suit and provide and adequate educational program at Grove...not in 1974, but NOW!

SWITCH

The Damien Switchboard in Daly City (922-5600) will be celebrating a year's existence in February. They operate all the time. Most of their dealings with the people center around raps, information and referral, and crisis. In the new year they hope to set up arts & crafts classes, sporting events, and entertainment. They also have extensive files covering such areas as abortion, birth control, child care, crash pads, the draft, dental, medical, probation, pregnancy, legal aid and many more.

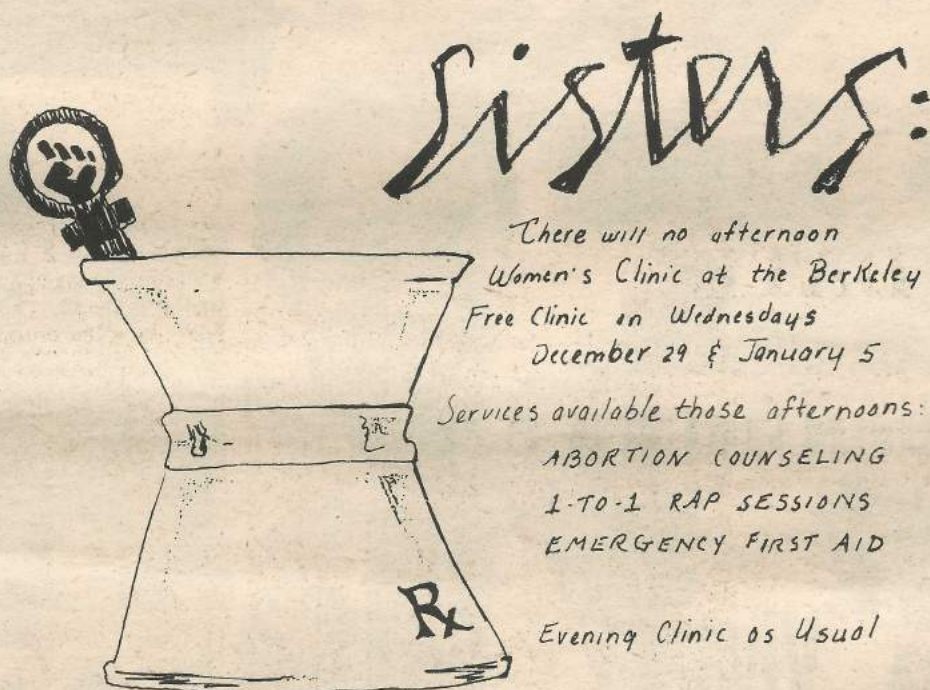
FREE U

The Free University of Berkeley is preparing next session's catalog, and this is a last call for those of you who wish to organize a course to be published in the catalog. Courses will begin the first week of February.

We can also use people who would like to work on graphics and layout for the upcoming catalog. You should call up first, because by the time you read this we'll be well into it. Our phone is 841-6784 and we're at 2200 Parker in Berkeley. We can use your ideas and energy. Thanks, Free U.

SPACE

Turnover Books announces space available for your meetings, films, lectures, readings, parties, etc. Reasonable rates--3000 square feet. Refreshment service. Contact: R.D. Bonds. Turnover Books, 2978 Adeline Street, Berkeley. 548-1510



The Berkeley Women's Health Collective

Berkeley Tribe, published by the Red Mountain Tribe, Inc. Mailing address: P.O. Box 9043, Berkeley, California 94709. Offices: 1701½ Grove St. 549-3391. Copyright by RMT. Deadlines: News through Tuesday, Tuesday at 6 pm; Wednesday news, Wednesday at midnight. George and Classified, Tuesday at 6 pm. Display ads, Tuesday at 3 pm. Second class postage paid at Berkeley, California. Member Underground Press Syndicate (UPS), Liberation News Service (LNS). Annual Subscription: \$8 U.S.A.; \$5 six months; \$12 foreign, \$15 institutions.

SOLEDAD

NEXT DATE

The trial of the Soledad Brothers will resume Tuesday, December 28 at 9:30 a.m., in the San Francisco Hall of Justice at Seventh and Bryant Streets. The trial was postponed last Wednesday morning on a motion by the defense since Rich Silver, Fleeta Drumgo's attorney was very sick and unable to attend. The trial will run Tuesday, Wednesday, and in the morning Thursday, unless there is a further delay.

Cars will be leaving Berkeley from the Free University (Parker and Fulton) most days of the trial at 8:30 a.m. People planning to attend can call the TRIBE at 549-3391 to make certain that there has been no cancellation of a day's session. The searches and other security procedures continue, gaining only in intensity. (Last Tuesday, Tac Squad Pigs spent 45 minutes dismantling the defense's model of Soledad's Y-Wing, checking it for weapons). Be sure to carry complete I.D. and no illegal articles.

BROTHERS

ON

TRIAL

The trial of the Soledad Brothers, Fleeta Drumgo and John Cluchette, has gotten under way. Tuesday, December 21, marked the first day of the trial proceedings.

After only one day of proceedings, the course that several issues of the trial will take has come clear. The decisions of judge Vavuris to block certain issues from the courtroom and to allow others establishes how the defense will have to handle its case.

Judge Vavuris, "The Great Orator", opened the trial with the reading of the grand jury indictments against the Brothers. "Assault on John V. Mills (the dead Soledad guard) with force likely to produce great bodily injury" and "murder in the first degree". For a California prisoner, a conviction of murder means a mandatory death sentence.

It was during Assistant D.A. Curtis' opening statement that the future procedure of the trial started to be elaborated. Curtis explained that the prosecution will attempt to prove that Mills was beaten to death by John, Fleeta, and George Jackson, first with fists and then with a flashlight, and was thrown over a third tier rail by George. John Cluchette was then alleged to have cleaned the blood off of the flashlight and a cell door with a towel. (The defense has a fingerprinting expert to testify that the prints on the flashlight are not John, Fleeta, or George's). Curtis also explained that Mills had remarked to another guard to "watch me, something is going to happen on the wing".

Over fervent objections by the defense, Vavuris allowed the prosecution to continue talking about George despite the fact that George was deemed innocent of all charges since he could not stand trial after his murder at San Quentin on April 26. Throughout the trial, the prosecution will continue to deride George who cannot defend himself and whose lawyer, John Thorne, was banned by the court from appearing.

During the defense's opening statement, judge Vavuris also ruled that there would be no discussion of the massacre of prisoners in O-Wing three days before the death of Mills. Floyd Silliman, John Cluchette's attorney, protested, saying that the massacre and the dismissal of that massacre as "justifiable homicide" by the D.A. thirty minutes before Mills' body was found was reason enough for any or all prisoners to rebel in Soledad. But Vavuris will only allow the trial to start from the death of Mills.

The defense will however be able to discuss racism in the prison. They will also be able to talk about the prisoner's code concerning "snitches" (prisoners or guards who inform on prisoners). These snitches are open game for any prisoner.

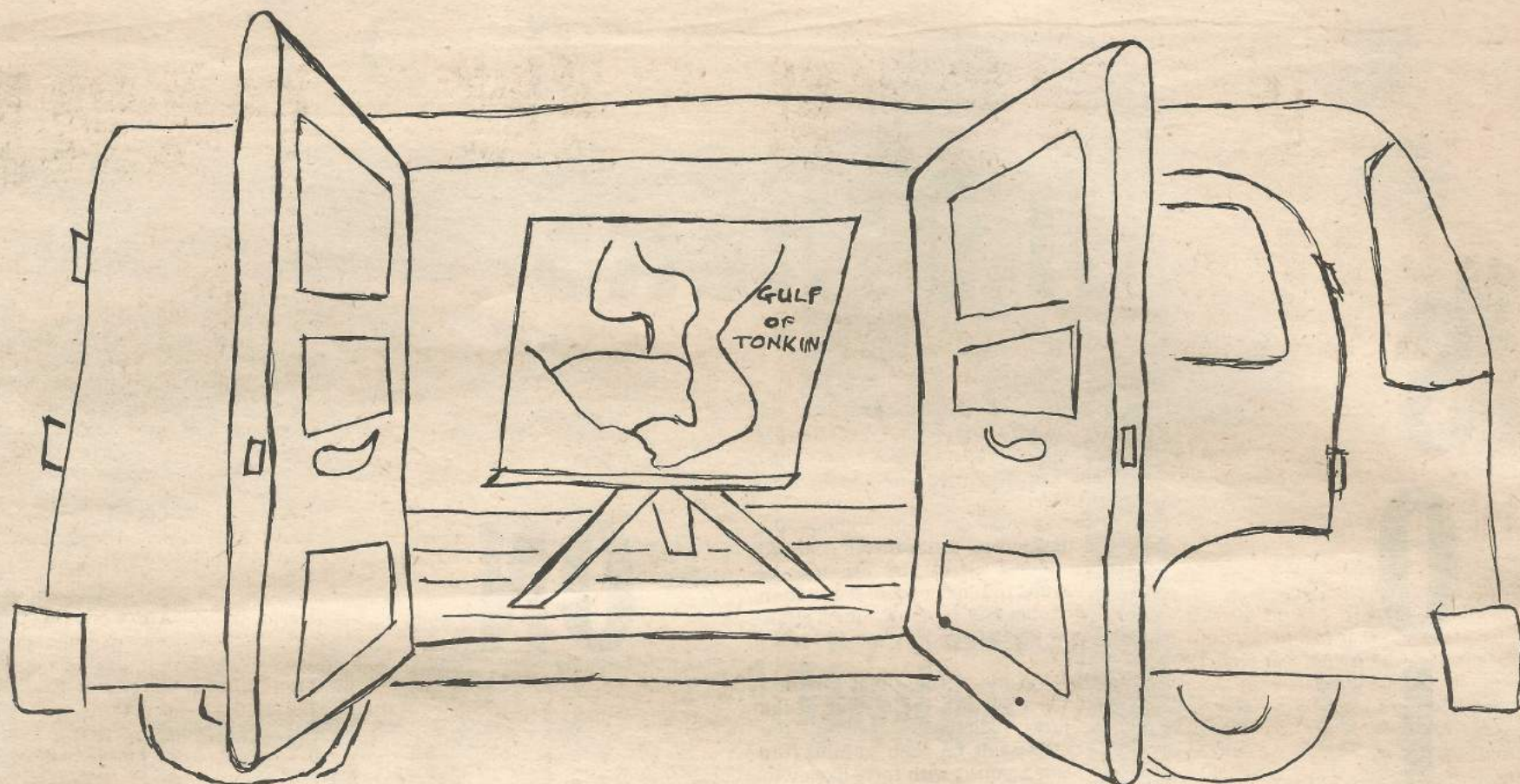
Most importantly, the defense will deal at length with the credibility of prosecution witnesses. They mentioned that 19 out of 20 of the prosecution's witnesses are white (to which the all white jury amazingly responded favorably to the defense). The defense will try to prove how the prison officials use intimi-

dation and bribes to coerce prisoners into inventing testimony against others. Silliman said he believed that there had been "intentional and criminal interference with witnesses or potential witnesses".

The defense spoke at length about indeterminate sentence and the arbitrariness in which the Adult Authority uses that law to manipulate, reward, and punish prisoners who are up for parole. Silliman added 2/3 of the prisoner witnesses for the prosecution have been paroled since the death of Mills.

Silliman said he would spend a great deal of time revealing the practices of correctional officers - Sergeant Moody in particular. It is Moody who was in charge of the prison investigation (i.e. coercion of prisoners) of both the Brothers' case and the Soledad 7 case, which was dropped when it was shown that Moody had heavily coerced prisoners into testifying against the Soledad 7. Moody's character, remarked Silliman, is "worthy of assassination".

Since the prosecution seems to have a very weak case, (certainly weak in evidence other than prisoner testimony), the defense can devote time to discrediting the prosecution witnesses. If the defense can show that one or more of the prisoner witnesses for the prosecution was coerced or intimidated into testifying, the entire case against John and Fleeta could well be dropped - as in the Soledad 7. At the very least, chances for an acquittal would be very high.



LUCE ON THE LOOSE

Peggy Hanna is a thirty year old housewife and mother of five who lives in an integrated neighborhood on the outskirts of Springfield, Ohio. She is Catholic; her husband works as an investment counselor.

Peggy says she was never very active in the peace movement till last February, when she and another Springfield woman, Karen Duncan, were among 180 Americans chosen by the American Friends Service Committee to meet with the delegations from North Vietnam, South Vietnam, the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam and the United States in Paris.

Her experience on that trip set her to work. "The only delegation that refused to see us was the American one," Peggy said. "And don't think that didn't make us think a little. Our own government! The Vietnamese, of course went out of their way to help us.

Now, as head of Springfield People for Peace, Peggy arranged to have Don Luce come to Springfield with his Indochina Mobile Education Project.

Don's activities date back a good deal further than Peggy's.

Twelve years ago he went to South Vietnam as part of International Volunteer Services (IVS), to help the Vietnamese in the Mekong Delta grow better sweet potatoes. He realized soon enough, that sweet potatoes were of minor importance to the Vietnamese people, compared to the task of ending the war.

Don eventually became director of IVS in Vietnam, but found that in that position he was not much better able to help the war situation than he was in the potato fields.

He left IVS and became a journalist in South Vietnam. His years of experience there helped him get around until last spring when he was expelled from South Vietnam for "special reasons." The reason was that Don had severely embarrassed the South Vietnamese government by uncovering the story of the "tiger cages" on Con Con island with help from some friends and their map.

This map is now part of the Indochina mobile project, which is in its sixth month of travel across the country. Chris Jenkins, who travelled with Don through Ohio explained the project in the Indochina Chronicle, a newsletter put out by the Indochina Resource Center in Washington.

"Don's project is a multi-media one. He, of course is the central medium. But we have cultural artifacts, films and music, and the exhibit itself.

"The photos and drawings in the exhibit depict the history and cultures of 4/Tribe

Indochina, the people and the land."

"I have come to Springfield (or Dayton, Columbus, Logan, Canton...) for two reasons," Don tells the people he meets on the trip. "The first is to say that the Vietnamese are people. The second is to say that the war is not winding down, but is changing tactically from a ground war to an air war in which electronic battle field technology is playing an ever greater role."

"This is Wallace Country" or "This is the heart of REpublicanism" or "This is really a Southern town," they warned Chris in Springfield. But the project aims for the small communities of middle America.

Don and Chris unloaded the microbus and set up the exhibit in a shopping center with the help of some of Springfield's People for Peace.

"We could have gone to Antioch College in nearby Yellow Springs. But we had really come to talk to the people of Springfield."

The exhibit draws a mixed crowd, mostly favorable but with a handful of unsympathetic people—the father of a POW in North Vietnam, and a few John Birchers who come to take notes.

Among those enthusiastic about the exhibit was a woman in Canton, Ohio who talked about her efforts to find out about her son who is missing in Indochina. She had been to Paris, Laos and Washington.

"You can't trust those people in Washington. They're just politicians. I have more trust in the Vietnamese than I do in that Nixon," she said, reflecting, as many did throughout the trip, the extent of the anti-war, anti-Nixon feeling in the United States. She said she got more information from Dave Dellinger than she did from Washington.

Chris told about trying to draw out some of the people who still need some convincing.

In Canton, Ohio he met two women who came not to see the exhibit, but just to collect the literature. When they stormed off Chris called them back to tell them there was a small charge for the literature.

"They knew they'd blown it. After all, it isn't very patriotic to steal." After a few minutes they opened up and eventually spent hours at the exhibit. "We talked about POW's, the bloodbath, how America could help...when they left they shook my hand, and thanked me for listening to them. They suggested that my argument might be more effective if I cut off my beard."

In Logan, Ohio, a small Appalachian town of 7000 Don and Chris set up the

display in the parish house of the Presbyterian church and spoke to a group there. Don had been scheduled to speak at the high school but one of the teachers thought he was "un-American" and the talk was cancelled.

But after his first day in town the Logan Daily News ran as its headline "250 U.S. Warplanes Hit North of DMZ." Underneath was a picture and a story about Don's talk. That day over 1000 students and teachers came to talk to them and see the exhibit.

The tour is exhausting but rewarding.

Don and Chris find a lot of anti-war sentiment coupled with a lot of frustration. "I've written my congressman but the war still goes on" they are told over and over. The bus keeps a busy schedule—always trying to do more and to reach as many people as possible.

When asked how long the tour will last Don says, "until the war ends."—LNS

People interested in hosting Don Luce and his exhibit should write to him c/o The Indochina Resource Center, 1322 18th St. NW, Washington DC 20036.

COVERED WAGON

The Covered Wagon, a GI coffeehouse in Mountain Home, Idaho, which served as a meeting place for local people and off-duty GIs burned down at the end of November.

People who worked at the project suspect arson. Only a few days before the fire a member of the project was beaten up inside the coffeehouse; the night before someone broke into the coffeehouse and painted "This is just a warning" on the wall.

The Covered Wagon was the scene of much political activity around the Mountain Home Air Force Base located nearby. They put out Helping Hand (a GI paper), did military counseling, had women's meetings, and political education sessions. Music groups as well as local organizations like the Idaho Migrants Program met in the coffeehouse.

An hour before the fire, the coffeehouse was inspected by a member of the project. The front door was secure then but when firemen arrived later, they found the lock broken.

A duplicating machine, several appliances, furniture, a piano and other musical instruments, library files and papers were destroyed. Funds are needed. Send anything you can spare to Covered Wagon, PO Box 729, Mountain Home, Idaho, 83647-LNS



brig VETS IN PARK letter

This letter, written to Ron Dellums, was smuggled out of the brig earlier this week.

Dear Congressman Dellums:

Sir, Please excuse this handwritten, pencilled, letter but at this time we are in the brig at Treasure Island, San Francisco.

We are writing this letter to inform you that there are many men like myself from the Coral Sea who have the same convictions against the so called police action in Viet Nam. Five of us turned ourselves in at N.A.S. Alameda to keep from being classified as deserters so we could further our protest of the war.

We have seen the names of 36 people who left the ship, on a list of names that they wanted back. We have reason to believe that many more actually left.

Since we turned ourselves in we have joined with eight brothers who have the same convictions we have. We are meeting more every day.

We were tried in Captains Mast and received sentences varying from ten to twenty-five days in the brig.

The Navy is keeping everything quiet and we have been informed that we will be sent back to the ship.

Sir, we are in dire need of your help. We don't believe in the war; we have tried to protest and our cries have been snuffed out. The people of Berkeley and Oakland support our beliefs and are more than willing to help but they can only do so much. The people can't stop us from going back to the Coral Sea. Sir we can't want to go back. While we are here we are receiving legal help from civilian attorneys. This help will not be available if we are flown immediately back to the ship.

We have fears that the Navy will keep this hush hush policy of theirs and fly us to the ship as soon as we are released from the brig.

If we end up on the ship we will be stuck with the legal officer as our only counsel. We don't feel that we will be treated fairly because he has to act in the Captain's best interests. From past experience we feel that he won't have our best interests in mind if we decide to consult him.

We were all being harrassed by the lifers on the ship before we left, just because of our beliefs against the war. It will be worse if we go back. If we end up back on that ship, the first time we make a mistake, anything they can get us for, they'll send us to the brig on the ship and frankly we've had about all we can take of being confined in brigs.

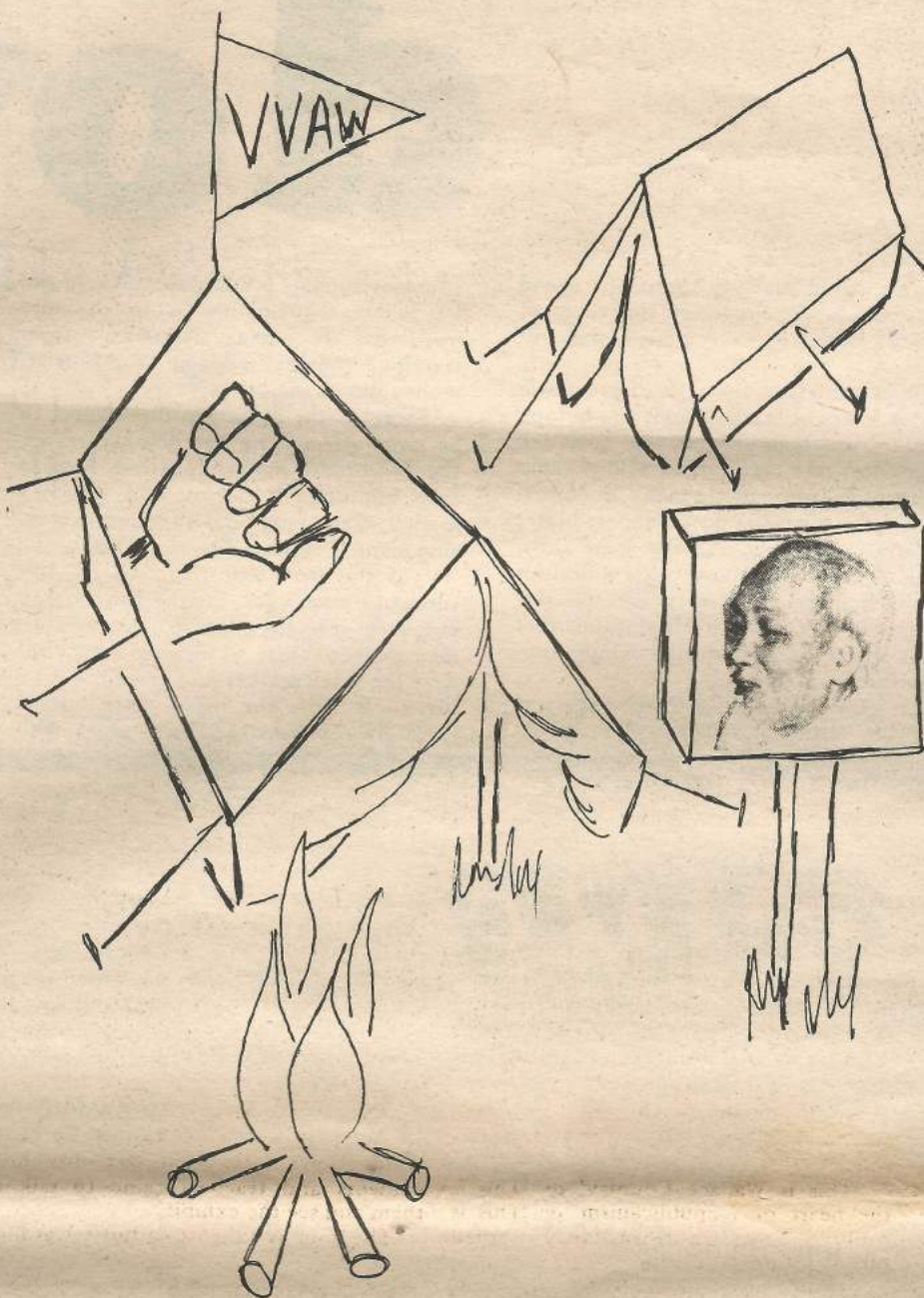
We come to you for your help and support. Anything you can do will be greatly appreciated.

We really can't support the Navy's policies and the way they fight their war and we're very tired of being threatened and harrassed because of what we believe.

Many of us are engaged or married and some have families. It is creating a great strain on everyone involved.

Merry Christmas,
Sincerely yours,
(Signed)
(Steve Makinson)
(Robert O. Ham)
(John R. Richter)
(Robert F. Stanley)
(William C. Streithorst III)
(Joseph D. Elliot)

We cannot do it alone. We need you and our men need you.



Vietnam Vets Against the War are camping out in Ho Chi Minh Park (Regent and Derby), as well as Valley Forge, Pa., Chicago, and Killen (near Ft. Hood, Texas). Although not on the calendar, what the veterans want to do is to have actions and build support for Billy Smith-the black GI who is accused of fragging an officer. For more information contact their Bay Area office at 861-8700.

SCHEDULE OF CHRISTMAS PROTEST ACTIVITIES IN THE BAY AREA

December 23: Arrive at Ho Chi Minh Park, Berkeley; set up camp, meet and rap.

December 24: Christmas Eve: Napalm Christmas tree decorated with Vietnam medals to symbolize the effect of bombings in Indochina. Attend and participate in Christmas services throughout the Bay area, running down the effect of the American air war on the Indochinese people.

December 25: Christmas: Public fast at gates of National Cemetery in Colma, coordinated with similar fasts at other sites in the U.S. and with Fast by G.I.'s in Vietnam. Continue testimony in churches.

December 26: Continue testimony in churches, as invited. Party thrown by Vietnam Veterans Against the War for active duty service people in San Francisco. Good Food, good rapping, fine entertainment.

December 28: Donate blood publicly to Committee of Responsibility for war-injured children in Southeast Asia.

December 29: Operation Re-Up: Direct action at recruiting stations.

December 30: Probably coordinated activity with active duty servicemen and women in area.

December 31: January 1: Civil Disobedience.

WHAT

1. A demonstration by women and children will be held in front of the main gate at Treasure Island on Monday, 27 December at 11:00 AM. It will be a silent vigil and your support is needed.

Car pool leaves College and Buncraft at 10:00 AM - please bring cars if you can help.

CAN

2. Send telegrams to Admiral Zumwalt, Department of the Navy, Pentagon, Washington D.C. (He's concerned with his public image).

3. Send many short letters of support to these men in the brig (include all numbers in address):

E-3 Robert O. Ham B625224
SA E-2 Steffan Makinson D810991
E-3 Robert Stanley B169919
E-2 Bill Streithorst D121026
E-2 John Richter B673281
E-2 Joseph Elliot B237954

c/o Correctional Custody
U.S. Naval Station
Treasure Island, Calif. 94130

YOU

The navy has separated these men from the others confined from the Coral Sea, therefore we haven't the other names at this time. Letters to these men will help all of them as Treasure Island will begin to recognize the people's support of the sailors.

DO

GOING down



Why would Richard Nixon, the friend of the money-men, lower the value of money? Why, to make more money, of course.

If an American dollar is worth fewer yen or francs or marks than it was before, then an American product that costs ten dollars to make here can be sold cheaper in Japan or France or Germany. So American businessmen can now compete better in foreign markets. At the same time, products made in those other countries will cost more when they are sold for dollars in the US. So businessmen at home will not face such stiff competition from foreign imports.

An added benefit, for the financiers, is that the change in exchange rates en-

courages foreign tourists to come to the US where their money is worth more now, and discourages Americans from traveling, thereby reducing that flow of money out of the country.

Some of the industries that expect to be most affected by the devaluation are the steel and auto industries. Foreign auto imports cut deeper into Detroit's market every year, and the currency realignment is expected to stop that trend. As for the steel industry, even the 10% surcharge wasn't slowing the flow of foreign steel into the country, but the steel men expect things to pick up next year. And the stock market is expected to get a big boost from the move, since foreign investors can now buy more stock with

their money.

So if devaluation is such a good thing, how come the U.S. resisted it for so long? Said Jocelyn Hambro, chairman of Hambros Bank, one of Britain's largest, "I think that (Treasury Secretary John Connally) in recent weeks has been the best poker player I've ever seen."

Here is the sneaky little stunt that Nixon (no mean poker player himself, according to his old navy acquaintances) and Connally pulled on the rest of the world.

The first step was the 10% import surtax (tariff, as they call them in schools) slapped on most imports at the same time as the wage-price freeze. This immediately made all imports that much

THIS TIME

MEXICO—For the second time in a month, Mexican liberation forces have kidnapped a government official and gained their ransom. The Vicente Guerrero Revolutionary Freedom Committee kidnapped a former university rector and town mayor. In return for his release a ransom of \$200,000 was paid and 8 political prisoners released. Last month the Zapatista Urban Front recieved \$240,000 for the federal aviation director's release.

USA—Every 2 hours there is a bombing in the US and 90% of the nation's major corporations have received bomb threats. The Treasury Department estimates that 65% of all bombers are not caught.

NEW YORK—Even with price freezes US corporations found a way to increase their profits. Total after-tax earnings of 537 leading firms were 11.6% from the same July-September period of 1970. In the second quarter profits were 10.3% higher over a comparable period the previous year. Though companies couldn't raise wages they were able to pocket wage and benefit increases that were due after the freeze.

FORT McCLELLAN ALABAMA—138 Black GIs and WACs were arrested Nov. 15 during a rally on base against racism and discrimination. While the Army tried to hush up news of the affair, they shipped GIs to other army bases and held them incommunicado for several days, the WACs were held in city and county jails. So far, only 17 GIs have been charged with any offense. The GIs and WACs are in the process of instituting suits against base commanders and other army officials. **TURN THE GUNS AROUND!**

NEW YORK—A man driving in a stolen car heaved a hand grenade at pursuing pigs, Monday. The pig car blew up, the pigs escaped. **ALL POWER TO THE STRAIGHT THROWERS!**

CHICAGO—Mr. Magoo (the dishonorable Julius Jennings Hoffman) has retired from the bench. He was the judge in the Chicago 8 trial, and would have been the judge in the Chicago Weatherman Conspiracy when it comes to court. May your karma return to you.

PARIS, FRANCE—Medical students in France are out on strike. The students are protesting the surprise introduction of end year exams which are designed to flunk out ¼ of the freshman class. Leaflets being passed out by the strikers have explained how the government by their actions are attempting to commercialize medicine at the expense of workers and peasants.

NAHA, OKINAWA—3000 women marched through downtown Naha protesting the "Reversion Treaty." The treaty will return Okinawa to Japan while allowing the US to retain its military bases. Currently, 48% of the land is taken up by these bases.

ANCHORAGE, ALASKA—So far 1100 sea otters have died as a result of the Amchitka blast. The Atomic Energy Commission had announced that only 18 otters had died, but since publication of the latest figures they have tried to blame the deaths on a storm which raged at the time of the blast.

GUINEA (BISSAU)—In 508 encounters with Portuguese forces since August 1, on the cities of Bissau and Batata the patriotic forces have inflicted 735 casualties, downed 5 aircraft, sank 28 vessels, and destroyed or damaged over 90 vehicles.

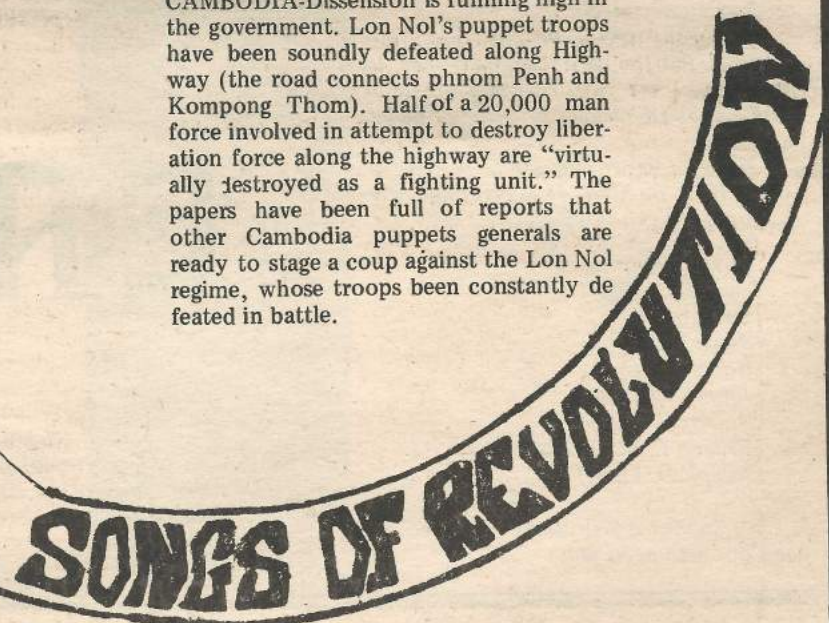
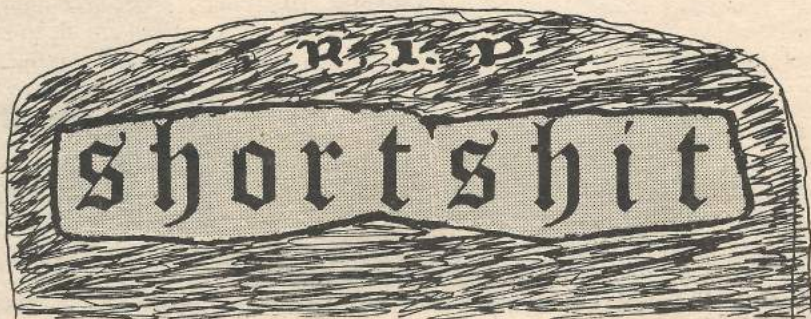
MOZAMBIQUE—Guerrillas forced the Portuguese to abandon 6 posts between June and mid-July. In the next six weeks, they succeeded in putting 226 enemy soldiers out of action.

AMHERST, MASSACHUSETTS—A quick lesson in counterfeiting Massachusetts licenses. Take a Polaroid camera and a three foot poster of a license application. The person stands behind the poster where the photograph belonged, and a reduced picture is taken with the camera. The result is a counterfeit license which would take a trained eye to detect. Unfortunately, the info comes as result of the bust of a brother and sister for counterfeiting.

MADISON, WISCONSIN—There will be a youth-freak strategy conference in Madison next month. For details write ZIPPPIE! Box 2581, Madison, Wisconsin, 53703.

USA—LA has more motor vehicles than all Africa, California uses more electricity than 750 million Chinese people. The population density of Bangla Desh is greater than if the world's population were living in the US.

CAMBODIA—Dissension is running high in the government. Lon Nol's puppet troops have been soundly defeated along Highway (the road connects phnom Penh and Kompong Thom). Half of a 20,000 man force involved in attempt to destroy liberation force along the highway are "virtually destroyed as a fighting unit." The papers have been full of reports that other Cambodia puppet generals are ready to stage a coup against the Lon Nol regime, whose troops been constantly defeated in battle.



ALBERTA, CANADA—43 Alberta Indian chiefs are planning a general strike throughout Canada of Indian children to boycott "integrated" schools. Indian children are being moved off the reservations and buried in the local school systems where they get messed up by racist students and teachers.

OMAN—Dopha liberation forces recently destroyed an enemy plane and destroyed an observation post and broadcasting station. Oman is one of the many emirates (kingdoms on the Southern edge of the Arabian peninsula, ruled by local sheiks).

BOWLING GREEN, KENTUCKY—A state pig was killed in ambush when he got out of his car in front of his house Sunday. He was shot by a man with a shotgun in a car. ALL POWER TO THE STRAIGHT SHOOTER!

REVOLUTION IN OUR LIFETIME

PARIS, FRANCE—2500 women took to the streets of Paris Nov. 20 to demand free abortions, and birth control for men. Abortions are illegal in Catholic France and birth control is legal but very hard to get because of numerous limitations and restrictions placed upon them. The women's march met an anti-war march protesting France's involvement of Chad (formerly part of French Equatorial Africa, where a French sponsored puppet regime is attempting to defeat a national liberation struggle) and its military bases throughout the world. Pigs were in the process of attacking the anti-war marchers when the women arrived. The pigs freaked, stopping in their tracks, afraid to attack the massed ranks of women. The two groups then proceeded to march together shouting "No children for the Army!" "Women and Draft-Resistors—One Struggle."

THAILAND—Liberation forces in northern Thailand wrecked an airplane, many armored carriers, and knocked 50 troops out of action, between Sept. 15 and Oct. 20.

CHILE—20,000 supporters of the leftist government of President Allende rallied in support of the regime Monday night. The demonstration, called to counter seditious attempts to unseat the government, was called in response to a demo held last week to protest the fact that members of the bourgeoisie could no longer waste the nations resources for their luxuries.

MEXICO—20 political prisoners held since 1968 held for their actions during student demonstrations prior to the 1968 Olympic demonstrations, were freed Monday. Several hundred comrades are still being held by Mexican authorities.

ITALY—Thousands of Italian students took to the streets to protest the suspension of a student organizer in a Rome high school during the first week of december.

GERMANY—GERMAN WEATHERMAN LIVES! The "Red Army Faction" has been freaking out the West German police forces for months. The group has committed 4 robberies, a pig was killed in shootout. There are reports that they were planning to kidnap Chancellor Brandt and hold him in exchange for members of the group who have been caught.

BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA—On November 24, a series of bombs nearly destroyed a supermarket owned by the Rockefeller's and damaged a US diplomat's home.

VIETNAM-US air supremacy over Indo-China is being challenged. Four US planes were knocked down by Vietnamese gunners over North Vietnam over the weekend. Over Laos, MIG fighters have been involved in dog-fights with US aircraft recently.

PHILLIPINES—on October 25, guerrillas destroyed a 22-man patrol. The previous day, 30,000 workers, peasants, and students demonstrated against the collusion between the regime of President Marcos and the US.

Thanks to The Rag, Great Speckled Bird, LNS, UPS, South Vietnam in Struggle, the Seed, Ann Arbor Sun, Guerrilla, Bay Area Institute Newsletter.

HELP MY PARACHUTE WON'T OPEN.

more expensive, and gave domestic manufacturers a big boost, just before Christmas too. But it didn't help American goods selling abroad, and worse, it raised the danger that other countries would retaliate with similar tariffs, and start a general trade war among the industrial nations. A further problem was that the surtax threatened to destroy the economies of several smaller countries who depend on trade with the US for their survival. It is important to Nix to sustain these neo-colonial economies for security reasons.

At the same time as he outraged all his trading partners with the surcharge, Connally rubbed salt into the wounds by insisting that the others raise the value of their money by 10-15% while the US stayed pat, so that American exporters could compete better in Europe and Japan. The European financiers refused and demanded that the US achieve the same effect by a devaluation, usually a politically embarrassing move. (Devaluation is achieved by raising the price of gold. Since gold has an imaginary fixed value, if an ounce of gold costs more, then a dollar buys less gold, and is worth less.) The US didn't want to raise the price of gold, because that would be like giving money to Russia and South Africa, the two countries that produce the most gold.

Another reason for the US to try and push up the values of Japanese and Euro-

pean currencies rather than devalue her own is that any devaluation increases the cost of labour in third world countries (since a devaluation counts against all currencies) and so neo-colonial investment is hurt.

France, who wields a lot of power in the common market, didn't want to lower the price of gold because a lot of Frenchmen hoard gold, and a government that lets the price drop would be very unpopular.

But American money rules the world, and the Europeans could not afford to defy the US. France held fast, but the others let their currencies slide up 5 or 6% in value on the open market, and began pressing desperately for a compromise. Japan raised the value of the yen by 8 or 8% and offered the US foreign aid. The Japanese too, were pressing the US to devalue.

Then came the master stroke, at Nixon's conference with Pompidou in the Azores, Nixon and Connally offered to devalue, as they had intended all along, in return for a favorable compromise. The Europeans, already with their backs to the walls, snatched up the offer. The agreement that came out of the Azores conference is that the Europeans will accept a 5-6% increase in the values of their currencies in return for a 5 or 6% US devaluation. This gives the US about an 11% trade advantage, just what they had been aiming for. In return, Nixon-

Connally offered to cancel the tariff, which was introduced solely as a bargaining tool to begin with, and did so just this week. The increase in the price of gold (in dollars) pleased the French, who will return the favor by pressuring her Common Market allies to let down barriers against trade with the US farm products into Europe more easily.

As a Philadelphia liquor company executive sees it, "It's an excellent move, completely practical and realistic. It's a darn good compromise with the rest of the world..." On the other hand, as a spokesman for Brown Boverie, Switzerland's largest machine maker says, "the only ones who will gain are the Americans."

For the most part though, the Europeans and Japanese are happy just to have the exchange rates settle down again. They figure they're better off with a bad deal than they were with the uncertainty of the floating rates of the last 4 months. One Japanese sound equipment importer said... "We'll benefit by the revaluation." The floating yen and the surtax together are adding 18-24% to his costs, "If they can narrow it down, it's to our advantage."

And some importers aren't even hurting at all. Said the VP of McCormick's, the spice company, "We assume we'll be able to pass the price increase on, just as we did with the import surcharge. After all, there's no substitute for pepper."

FROM

BEHIND

The following was written by a 16 year-old girl during 3 years incarceration in a State Hospital. It originally appeared in the Fall-Winter, 1970 edition of GNOSIS.

The room was filled with hazy darkness; huddled forms lay still on the beds. A tiny black spider crawled out from underneath a pile of underwear and approached the doorway. Thud, ooze. It was no longer. White shoes were scraped against a chair rung and then padded on to the light switch: click.

"Good morning, girls. It's thirty-six degrees outside; looks like rain. Come on, get up. Good morning, Ellen..."

Who shaded her eyes from the light and clutched the blanket close to her neck as the voice droned on.

"Good morning, Charity. Gotta get all prettied up, you're goin' out with your mother today."

"Shut up and leave me alone; I don't feel good."

"Don't talk to me like that, young lady, or I'll put you in The Room. Now get up, before the day attendants get here."

Charity covered her face with her pillow as the voice continued, "...Good morning, Mona. Good morning, Susan. Good morning, Joyce..."

Joyce's exposed eye blinked open and she murmured, "Mornin'."

"Where is Sybone?" The short, squat body of the attendant skirted the Yogi Bear doll next to Mona's bed and went on to the brown-painted metal door. Squeak.

The fingers completed a sentence before brown eyes calmly looked up. Lips smiled with sterile politeness and the words came out without concentration. "Good morning. Beautiful day, isn't it?"

"What are you doing in here, young lady? You know you're not allowed to get up until we tell you to! I'll hafta put this in the Report Book, you know. Sleep is more important than your silly poems."

Sybone's head lowered and she continued writing while she commented, "I don't think so."

"You're not supposed to think; you're supposed to do what you're told. We do the thinking around here."

After the attendant had left, accompanied by another squeak of the door, Sybone fiercely waded up the paper and tossed it into the wastepaper basket, muttering, "Forget you, bitch," then returned to the dorm, where she stretched across her bed and peered through the bars. Across the street was another shit-brown building with barred windows, but her eyes focussed on the delicate pink-and-lavender-tinged sky beyond. When she got them out of focus she was surrounded by these colors and the bars were forgotten.

She was walking along a dirt path skirting a field of wheat waving in the warm breeze of the summer morning as her Irish setter bobbed up and down on the hill, its auburn coat glinting in the sunlight. At the top, a gnarled apple tree was silhouetted against an expanse of cloud-studded rose sky. The black branches widened and clutched at the horizon, plunging the universe into darkness. Raucous screams filled the air.

A flock of crows settled on the leaf-stripped branches of the tree outside of the bars.

Mona yelled, "Someone stole my gum! Who stole my gum? I had it hid right here with my nylons and it ain't there now. I'm gonna tell. Nobody's s'posed to go through my stuff."

Sybone watched the fluttering crows as she said, "The night attendant took it. I saw them go through your dresser at about two o'clock this morning. You know they told you to keep it in the medications room so kids can't steal it."

Mona stamped her feet. "Oh shut up and keep your nose in your own affairs. It's none of your business where I keep my gum."

"You asked what happened to it and I just told you." Sybone switched on her radio and music blared forth.

Lee walked over to Susan and stiffly bowed "May I have this dance?"

"Yeah, after my fingernails dry. I just polished them."

"Oh, bite!"

"Okay, I'll dance with you. Just don't smear my polish."

Their arms went around each other and they shuffled around in circles. Lee smiled and stuck out her tongue.

Susan giggled to Joyce. "Hey, I'm turning her on!"

Lee grunted, "Oh, but you like it!" and jabbed her in the breast. Susan giggled louder then screamed "Screw you! You messed up my nail polish. I'll hafta do them all over."

Sybone glanced out the window again. The crows had flown away; she could dimly perceive black specks like so many fleas flying into the sun.

Iscariot's feathers drifted down into the mud and melted wax seared his skin. His scream pierced Sybone's ears and she watched him plunge earthward, friction changing him into a flaming comet. Then he became a little white cylinder emanating smoke in the drooling mouth of a tottering old man peering through the window of the other building, unaware that he was being observed.

From another part of the ward an attendant yelled, "Come for medication, girls."

Sybone groaned and turned away from the window. "Well, time for my joy juice. Hell, I hate it! Can't think and feel as it is, and they want to paralyze me more." She turned off the radio.

Joyce snapped, "Oh, stop your philosophizing and get it so she stops her blasted yelling."

Sybone stood in the doorway of the med room. "Got a present for me?" The attendant picked up a little paper cup filled with doctored grape juice. Sybone grinned. "Aw, you don't hafta do that!"

"Yes, I do. It's my job."

She gulped it down. "Augh!" In the day room someone yelled "Cafeteria!"

Sybone squeezed in behind Cherry, who grunted, "Quit shoving," then yelled "Back up, please!"

The attendant nodded to the first girl in line. "Count off."

"One."

"Two...Twenty-four!"

The attendant counted on her fingers. "Charity is in the Room and Anne went home. We're missing one. Count again."

The girls marched down the wooden slope while the counselor leading them chanted, "Stag Ridge is the best; we stand out from all the rest. Count off--"

"One, two" yelled the girls.

"Count off--"

"Three, four."

Cherry nudged Sybone. "You're nine," she whispered shrilly.

"Huh? Oh, yeah...Nine!"

"Ten."

"Eleven..."

"...Twenty-three."

"Twenty-four."

The attendant looked puzzled.

Sybone said, "Carrie went home."

Relieved, the attendant unlocked the door. The girls filed down, talking and giggling.

"All right, girls. That's enough noise. I won't unlock this door until you are quiet." The chatter subsided. Keys clanged against the door and everyone jammed through the doorway.

Sybone tripped and caught herself on a locker.

"Watch it, ya clod!"

"Cram it."

They entered the dining area.



THE

WALLS



Chandeliers hung from the ceiling. The tables before them were heavily laden with all delicacies desired by human palates. The gaunt forms pushed and shoved forward, emaciated arms reaching for nourishment. Strapped to the wrists were long-handled spoons, so long that when filled and raised toward drooling mouths, the food fell off and was smashed into the plush carpet. And so they went away still hungry.

Sybone watched as her vomit swirled around and was sucked into the gaping white mouth. She dashed water against her face while Mona stood at the sink brushing her teeth. After she spat out the toothpaste she nodded her head in the direction of the cubicle and said "Ugh! Why do you bother to eat? It never stays down. And that coffee tasted like mud today anyhow."

"It was just ground this morning!"

Mona groaned. "God, don't you ever stop making those stupid puns?"

"First, it wasn't original. Second, I'm not God. Third," she raised her hand like an orator, "my philosophy is: It is better to have eaten and lost than never to have eaten at all."

Sybone went to her bed and stared at the tree, moving her lips slightly, talking to herself. "It's no use. To care. To suffer..." Her lips turned in disgust, "...and then nothing left but to turn my face to the wall and die. Alone."

The green leaf on the tree rapidly turned yellow, and the yellow became scarlet, then brown. It stiffened and convulsed. Its scream bounced off the window panes and ricocheted back where, having been struck, the leaf curled and shrivelled up. It fell to the ground, rapidly decomposing until it was part of the muddy snow.

"...I'm losing sight of the love and the beauty. It's all black."

As she sloshed through the puddles, she noticed a film of black oil spread over the water. The gray clouds moved over the face of the sun and the insuing light, striking the oil, transformed it into swirls of green and blue and gold and red. "That's it, that's precisely it! A sunrise would have no meaning if it didn't follow the night. And a sunset would be needless if we didn't want to remember it during the darkness. Nirvana can only follow extinction of my desires."

She lay down, staring at the mottled brick wall, lips still moving. "As you have done to me, this is the least I can do for you." Rising, she slid her watch over her wrist. The metal scratched her thumb. She wiped off the blood.

Mona giggled. "Man, you're co-ordinated. Watcha tryin' to do—bleed to death?"

"Not a bad idea. Want to help me?"

"God, you're insane!"

"That's my excuse. What's yours?"

Mona giggled again.

"Cease your foolishness; I have a statement of great importance to make."

"What's that?"

"It's been lousy knowing you, and the eternity of ignorance now beckons me."

Mona looked puzzled. Lee rolled to her feet from her bed and walked over to them, asking "Sybone, what the hell are you up to now?"

"I'm gonna extinguish my brief flame."

The candle was burning on the desk before her. She scrawled heavily on a sheet of paper with colored crayons, then held it over the flame until they melted together. The paper suddenly started to smoke. Brown; all of a sudden; black. A sparl burdt up in the center, then the whole page was ablaze.

"Sybone, what are you doing in here?"

She didn't answer. Her icehands were melting; the drops trickled down her cheeks.

"Well I think you'd better stay in here until the doctor talks to you." Metal grated in the lock.

The pain was too great to bear. She blew; it only spurted higher. She wanted to drop it and stamp it out, but that would harm the carpet. She clapped her hands together until they were covered with ashes and melted wax and fluid from the popped blisters. Gone was the glory of warmth and color. Now: only pain.

She stared through the bars at a squirrel that scurried up the tree and out on a limb. To the very tip: out on a limb. No place to go. No ups. No downs, except to splatter her blood and guts all over the throngs gaping at her from the ground, satisfied honor in her eyes.

She sat back down again. The walls of solitary were pus-yellow until the yellow changed to prism-swirls soon encompassed by darkness.

She glanced at her wrist, remembering only then that she had discarded her watch before taking the crucial step. She had transcended the tick-tocks of chronos on into kairos; no one was capable of measuring the windwaves.

She was swinging then; the chain was warm in her sweaty hand. Her hair swung before her eyes and when it was blown behind her ears she looked down to see that the ground was fast fading. People became ants; trees, dots of green. Clouds sank and covered everything else and then there was just a deep blue everywhere.

Too fast! Too far! Her hands strained to grasp the chain; she couldn't find it. She toppled head over heels—falling...falling. The ground wrenched to meet her.

He stood before her, impatiently jingling his keys against his pudgy leg. "Sybone, what's this I hear about you coming in here and not talking to the attendants?"

She stared at him, not really seeing his imposing ugliness. The words came out mechanically. "It was nothing. I just got a little upset. I'm sorry."

"Well, I'm going to let you come out now. But no repeats—or I'll increase your dosage of tranquilisers. Get ready to eat."

Stiffly, she rose and followed the doctor out into the hall, then got behind Cherry in the cafeteria line.

She could hear Charity screaming in the other solitary confinement room. "I hate you! Uou don't understand! I'm not crazy—you are! Let me out, you bastard! You're crazy; all of you are! You think you're helping me; well, you're not: you're making me as nuts as you are! Oh...just leave me alone." Now a muffled wail. "I want to go home. My mother loves me. She does; she just didn't know what she was doing when she signed my commitment papers. She cares about me even though you don't. I know she does. Let me out—please let me out!"

Thump, bang, THUMP. Charity was banging her head against the door. Three attendant, one wielding a hypo, converged on it.

Sybone stumbled down the stairs, sight misted by tears brought on by the knowledge that a part of herself as well was pounding on the door.





In October, when pirate ships launched commando attacks against Cuban coastal villages, including the sleeping fishing village of Boca de Sama, leaving two villagers dead and four wounded (including two teenage girls who were sleeping when the attack took place), Jose Elias de la Torre and other leaders of Alpha 66 took credit for the attack. "We have been carrying out highly successful raids," they boasted through the US press, "and not one of our men has been captured."

The ex-Cuban counter-revolutionaries, known as "gusanos" (worms) to the Cuban people, announced they were uniting their forces for an all-out military attack on the island-republic. Once a landing force could be established, explained de la Torre, they would declare themselves a provisional government, and call on the US for military and technical assistance.

Until that time, they will have to continue relying on the CIA.

But in December, the story changed. On December 5, Cuban boats captured one of the "mother ships" from which the small raiding parties had been launched, the Lyla Express, and on December 15 a second ship, the Johnny Express, was also captured. Now there was no word from the gusanos, but a howl of protest arose from the US State Department and Pentagon. The Government declared that these ships, owned by four Cuban-exile brothers living in Miami, were innocent commercial vessels which had been maliciously set upon by the Cuban Navy for no reason whatsoever.

"The Government is ready to take all measures under international law" announced the State Dept., "to protect US citizens and freedom of the seas." The Pentagon added that it was placing air and naval vessels on the alert. State Dept. spokesman Robert McCloskey told the press: "I can assure you neither vessel has any connection with the United States Government," and denied that the ships were carrying arms or agents to Cuba. But in the same statement he declared that the "United States Government considers these armed attacks upon commercial vessels...to constitute a clear and present threat to the freedom of navigation and commerce in the Caribbean and a threat to American citizens."

"Such threats are intolerable," he added. The Cubans,

of course, find the deadly attacks on their coastal villages intolerable, and meet the pirate guns with their own weapons. The US Government was silent while the gusanos were getting away with their attacks, but now pretends to be indignant when some gusanos are captured.

The innocence of the gusanos is somewhat difficult to maintain when you look at the last dozen years of relations between the US (CIA) and Cuba. Thirteen years ago, when the Rebel Army marched victoriously into Havana, dictator Fulgencio Batista went scurrying off to Miami. He was accompanied by such notables as Meyer Lansky, kingpin of the Jewish branch of the Mafia, and an assortment of gangsters, thieves and corrupt politicians.

Not long afterwards, the Miami gang of ex-Cubans were joined by an exodus of big businessmen and landowners whose properties were nationalized and returned to the people of Cuba, by professionals and skilled technicians lured by Uncle Sam's offer of high-salaried jobs, and a

myriad of fortune seekers hoping to find an easy life and streets paved with gold in the US. The self-proclaimed "exiles" have since that time planned and schemed how they would one day return to Cuba and recover their lost riches.

CUBA:

Grit in the eye of the MONSTER

The dreams of the exiles were bolstered by sympathy and subsidies from the US government and the CIA. For those who couldn't get jobs (many gusanos met the same fate as most Third World people in this country), Uncle Sam offered welfare. Cuban exiles have continued to fill the welfare roles in Florida, New Jersey, New York, and Los Angeles. For those who ran the casinos, whore houses and heroin trade on the Caribbean Island, there was still plenty of work in the syndicate here. And for those more ambitious or more foolhardy there were the exile organizations such as "Alpha 66" and the CIA training camps in Florida, Louisiana, Guatemala, Puerto Rico, and Panama. Cubans who served in the US military were often recruited into these activities. US big business including such notables as International Telephone and Telegraph, American Steel Co., Chase National Bank, General Motors, Hershey Chocolate, and Coca Cola, as well as the more obvious sugar companies was angry at having such a lucrative treasure taken from under their noses, and annoyed at losing their favorite "playground." There was no lack of money for those willing to invade Cuba.

The motivation and object for such an invasion on their part was simple. Because the American people have been brought up to think of themselves as democratic, freedom-loving people they would be very uncomfortable with an outright takeover of another country to secure its material wealth. In terms of world opinion such a violation of international law would be intolerable. What was needed was a group of Cubans, like those led by Jose de la Torre, who would legitimize the US takeover. The US did this successfully with Diem in Vietnam, and more recently with Lon Nol in Cambodia. But when they tried it with Cuba, in the Bay of Pigs invasion of 1961, they failed.

On April 17, 1961, 1600 men, paid and trained by the CIA, and preceded by US planes which strafed and bombed airports and homes, attempted to invade Cuba at Playa Giron-known as the Bay of Pigs. They were met by the force of the Cuban people, who rushed to grab weapons to fight off the attackers. Men and women, old and young, peasants and workers unwilling to give up what they had won through the revolutionary struggle, successfully repelled the US-backed invasion. Two days later the invasion force was defeated. Despite heavy losses to the Cuban people, they rejoiced at what they termed "the first great defeat of imperialism in America."

The gusanos talked of "patriotism" and "love of their homeland" as reasons for their attacks on Cuba. But economic interests seem to play an even more vital role. Among the invaders at the Bay of Pigs were 124 latifundists and large landowners, 67 owners of extensive real estate holdings, 112 wholesale dealers, 35 industrial magnates, and 194 members of Batista's military and secret police. They were attempting to "reclaim" 917,433 acres of land, 9,666 apartment buildings and houses, 70 industries, 10 sugar mills, 3 commercial banks, 5 mines and 12 cabarets, bars and assorted other properties.

Two of the men who were captured in the Bay of Pigs invasion were the Babun brothers. Later released in the deal which exchanged counter-revolutionary prisoners for baby food (one of the items affected by the US blockade of Cuba), the brothers returned to Miami, where they continued to build up and use their families shipping company to prepare and carry out raids on Cuba. Two of their ships, registered in Panama but based in Miami, were the Lyla Express and Johnny Express.

The Bay of Pigs was only a beginning for the CIA and its paid gusano mercenaries. The accord reached Administration with the Soviet Union after the 1962 "Missile Crisis" led to a scaling-down of attacks for a period of time. Gusano groups were not allowed to openly train or carry out raids, or to boast of them. But the Nixon Administration put an end to the silencing of exile activities, and the gusanos have begun to talk quite freely about their commando raids and their future plans for a military takeover of Cuba.

One of those who has boasted loudest and longest is Jose Elias de la Torre. In a recent interview de la Torre stated that he is 73 years old, and therefore has no other interest in organizing these activities than love of his homeland. Before the Revolution, this great "patriot" owned extensive holdings of farmland. He was also the president of the Cuban Coca Cola Company, and the General Manager in charge of Latin American Affairs for Collins Radio Co., one of the biggest US manufacturers of radio communications equipment, radar and electronics systems.



Many of the gusanos now in the US claim to have been revolutionaries before, and to have left only when the revolution "turned communist". The Babun brothers participated in the guerrilla struggle; Che refers to them in his "Episodes of the Revolutionary War." When the guerrillas were awaiting an arms shipment, they received word it was due in a few days. "A sawmill on the coast was set for the rendezvous" wrote Che. "The Babun brothers, who owned the sawmill, were handling the operation. They expected a great profit from their participation in the Revolution. ...It is a curious thing to observe how at that time many people had the idea of profiting by the Revolution. They did little favors here and there, every one of them expecting great rewards from the new State. In the Babun case, the reward was to be concessions for commercial exploitation of the forests, which would include the eviction of peasants, thus increasing the latifundia (large estate) of the Babun household."

When the Revolution didn't provide the Babun family with the expected rewards, they joined the ranks of bitter ex-Cubans in Miami, and today are calling on the US government to aid their "innocent commercial vessels" which have fallen into the hands of the Cuban people. But the Cuban people, who still bear the scars of the Bay of Pigs and Boca de Sama, are not impressed with the loud US State Dept. protestations of violations of international laws and the blustering of the Pentagon. Said one: "Who do they think they're fooling? They arm and finance pirate ships which, in total violation of international law, invade our coasts, attack and kill our people, and then they run crying the we are the lawbreakers when we capture the pirates!" The people are armed, and as one canecutter expressed it: "The First Free Territory of America cannot be bought, sold or stolen." -Sierra



BROTHERS AND SISTERS OF THE Red Mountain TRIBE:

Enclosed is some Money (\$150) to help
you in your STRUGGLE.

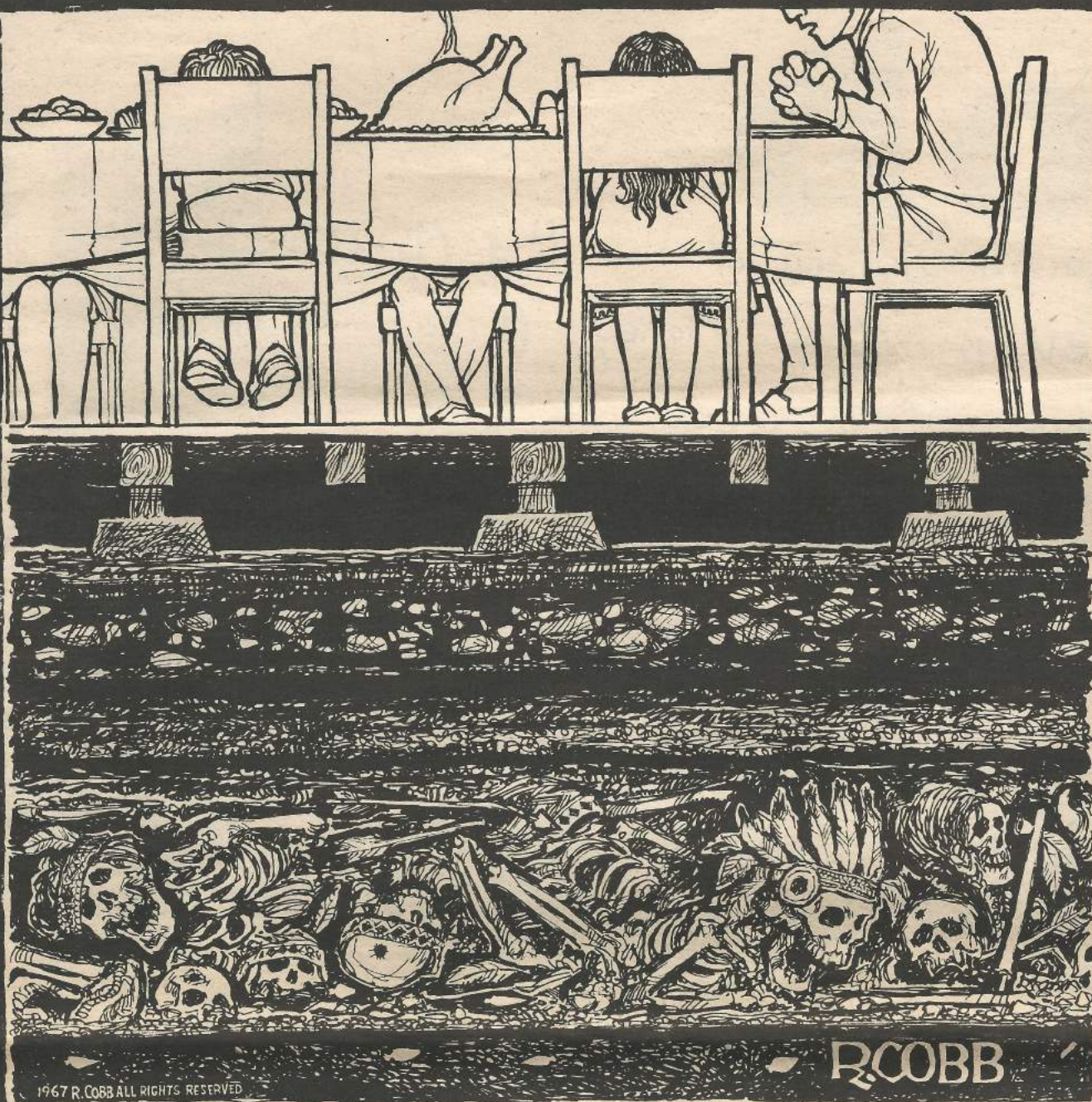
MANY of us in the Counter Culture
HAVE DEVELOPED hustles to survive — welfare,
DEALING, BAD Checks, RIP-OFFS. WE ALL SEEM
TO PLAUNT the fact THAT Wherever WE
MAKE OUR Money, it is NOT ACCOUNTABLE
to the MAN — we don't PAY TAXES.

At the same time the REVOLUTIONARY
struggle progresses, and desperately needs
DOLLARS. IF WE'RE GONNA WIN, WE
HAVE TO BEGIN TAXING OURSELVES. WE
have to SUPPORT the PEOPLE'S STRUGGLES
with Money AS WELL AS ENERGY.

We URGE ALL our brothers AND SISTERS
who MAKE money FROM the PEOPLE to
GIVE some OF IT BACK — PAY A
REVOLUTIONARY TAX.
VENCEREMOS.

RED DEALERS
COLLECTIVE

AND THE MONSTER



still feeds on us

THE ANTI-IMPERIALIST BOOGIE

CHORUS:
WE'RE IN THE BELLY OF THE MONSTER
WE'RE IN THE BELLY OF THE MONSTER
AND AS ITS CONTRADICTIONS RISE THOSE INSIDE COME TO REALIZE
WE'RE IN THE BELLY OF THE MONSTER

"The people who rule America, they do not approve of life
'Cause they show their colors constantly always lifeless lily white.
While they're ripping off six continents and staking claims on the moon
They forget about the basic things that they won't be remembering soon.
While they're killing Southeast Asia by the hour
They expect us to pay the price to protect their power!!!

CHORUS: WE'RE IN THE BELLY" ...

Now they turn you about to learn you about their anti-personnel operations
Until nothing can rescue honesty from the shit of public relations.
But each new day reveals what they so cunningly conceal
Now the velvet glove is stripped away, and the mailed fist is revealed.
And now all our delusions are dispelled
And the truth about them is easier to tell.

CHORUS: WE'RE IN THE BELLY...

Yes and every time their puppets dance in countries far and near
Oh, we'd never guess, we'd expect it less that they'd try such tactics here.
Yes, but times get hard, now all their cards are played—their game is stale
Now their only weapon left is fear as all their systems fail.
And Fred Hampton knows about strangers at the door
At Kent State they say they taught a lesson to all four

And George Jackson now and at Attica now
They've had to learn that lesson once more!!!

CHORUS:
WE'RE IN THE BELLY OF THE MONSTER
WE'RE IN THE BELLY OF THE MONSTER
AND AS ITS CONTRADICTIONS RISE THOSE INSIDE COME TO REALIZE
WE'RE IN THE BELLY OF THE MONSTER

Clockwork Orange

Visions of overwhelming violence fill everyone's minds as more and more we see the world ending in some catastrophe. On the one hand, we try to hold on to an unhysterical view of revolution being the natural result of the mess things are in now. On the other hand, it is hard to hold on much longer to our visions and our dreams in the face of overwhelming insanity. Society is crumbling and tenacles of degeneracy wrap around our consciousness making it hard to see anything else.

So much literature has come out in the past ten years portraying the breakdown of society that it begins to seem as if these hardly contradictory pictures are nothing short of prophecy. I think of the 1980's, and I see gangs of youths roving through garbage filled, rutted streets, swinging chains and clubs, beating up anyone in sight, sexism so exaggerated that women's bodies hang around everywhere, real and fake, in the most humiliating positions. This is pretty much the setting for the latest nightmare vision of the future, *A Clockwork Orange*, a film by Stanley Kubrick, based on a 1963 novel by Anthony Burgess. The only thing lacking in the film is that compared to other visions, it is not total enough. But I felt that, mainly because I feel totalled by so many prophecies of the same apocalypse, I know somehow I believe in it too, and want to see a spectacle that definitely describes what could happen—from then on we could get back to thinking about optimistic revolution.

In *A Clockwork Orange*, London—and we assume the rest of England, if not the world—is held in a state of terror by gangs of youths who get their kicks each night beating up drunks, raping women, having inter-gang fights and going out to the country to smash up the bourgeois. Everything is grotesque. Kubrick makes the most out of the far reaches of his science fiction mind. The wealthy homes look much like 2001 interiors. Everywhere are breasts and penises, severed from any former significance. A science fiction *Satyricon*. The government claiming to restore law and order is actually just legitimized hoodlums, having a large-scale lark, with the entire country. This lark ultimately includes mind-control which does seem to be the wave of the future.

Visually *A Clockwork Orange* is stunning—the finest of Kubrick images—sharply contrasted colors and forms—irony in every shot and in every transition between shots. The content, though, is a bit barbed. He is either making a hundred disconnected points or none. The film is obviously political, but it is impossible to define what politics. And the ending suddenly screeches to a halt—what the fuck has this movie been about anyway—what is going here? I left confused.

It is hard to say how much of the film's confusion can be blamed on the book. The book is written in a weird futuristic street slang—I couldn't understand it and had to quit. The slang is easier to get in the movie, but that is all.



prison life: a different reality

There's another trial going on right next door to the Soledad Trial—that of Clyde Norris. He is on trial for his fourth felony. If he gets convicted, he'll get life—since 1955 he has only been on the streets for 257 days. It's not unusual for a black person to face this kind of shit. What is unusual is how Clyde wound up with three felonies and on trial for his fourth.

Clyde Norris was born 31 years ago in Greenwood, North Carolina but spent most of his childhood and youth in Philadelphia. At sixteen, Clyde was arrested and spent ninety days in the Philadelphia House of Corrections. Returning to the streets in July, he was arrested in January for a series of thirty petty, over-the-counter, robberies, for which he spent three and a half years in an eastern prison for youth.

As an adult things got worse. Soon after his release from prison he entered a laundry, pulled out a pen knife and asked the owner for money. In the midst of the robbery, one of the men in the store hit Clyde with a board at which point he ran out of the building and into the rear alley where he had left his suitcase. He got his bag, and ran out of the alley, unfortunately into an unmarked pig-car. He was sentenced to five years in an eastern prison and had to undergo a ninety-day psychiatric examination, but Clyde has said that he received no attention.

Just after his release from this prison Fabian recorded a song that Clyde had written, for which Clyde was to get \$1500 in royalties. Things were looking pretty good—Clyde was going to move to New York, and become a musician. Then Clyde got arrested for robbing a candy store for \$3.00. Not only was he wearing a knee-length white cashmere coat (not exactly a good getaway costume) and

made no attempt to leave the area, but he lacked any motivation for the act. At the time he claimed he needed bus fare to get to New York, but he had all that royalty money coming to him, and could easily have borrowed it.

This pattern keeps recurring. After being released for that rap, Clyde traveled to San Francisco. For some reason he never made the audition. Shortly after the audition was supposed to happen he robbed a dress shop of \$18. In the course of the robbery, he left a folder with his name and address on it. Naturally, the salesperson noticed this and told it to the

pigs. This time Clyde got one year to life and was sent to Soledad. After 4½ years, he was paroled in the Spring of '71. The person who had corresponded to him during his stay in Soledad gave him a room in their house and promised to help him in his search for a musical career. Within three days Clyde, wearing a leopard-skin shirt, walked into a delicatessen and walked out, having robbed the place. Within a block he was busted.

It seems pretty obvious that Clyde Norris acts in such a way as to insure his getting caught. The question is then, why?

Prison (or Amerika) can do strange things to you. Make you bitter, cynical, feel isolated, alone, with no one to turn to. If you're strong and have support on the outside, like George Jackson, you try and preserve whatever humanity Amerika, outside the walls, has left you. And you keep getting hassled by the guards. And you don't get paroled.

But if Amerika has ripped-off too much of your humanity and you don't have anyone on the outside giving you support, then you're really fucked. You only know how to hustle to stay alive. So you're in the joint, and that all you have. And it's total reality. So you got to adjust to it. And you do. You insensitize yourself to the barrenness of the prison, to the brutality of the guards, and you lose part of yourself. but you make friends. If you're lucky and manage to avoid the guards, you get paroled—to a very different world than the one you left. All your old friends are gone (maybe to prison also). In any case you are alone and once again you gotta hustle.

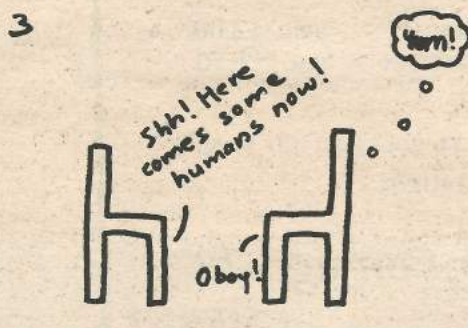
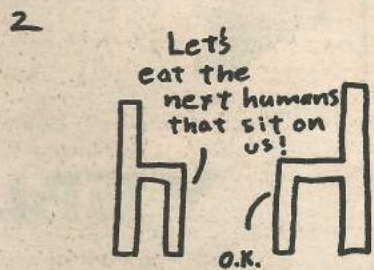
Don Jelinek, Clyde's lawyer, has concluded that Clyde is emotionally and physically dependant on prison. His defense will be based on the legal concept of diminished capacity—a legal term meaning that if someone drugs you against your will, you're not legally responsible for your actions. Clyde realizes that he is dependent on prisons, but he doesn't want to go back. He knows that he must struggle to maintain his humanity, and that what this trial represents is; his attempt to break the conditioning that almost sixteen years of prison life caused.

The trial starts next Monday in the Hall of (In)Justice, Department 24. For further information, contact, the Clyde Norris Defense Committee, in Berkeley 849-4162, in San Francisco, 922-9981.



This is the actual Xmas card received by prisoners in San Quentin

orville normal



David Swan

ibe/13

T.C.B.

Abortion Communication 387-6480
 Abortion Counseling 548-2570
 ACLU: Bkly 548-1322
 SF 433-2570
 American Indian Center 552-1071
 Associated Students of SF State 586-7218
 April Coalition 841-0370

Bethlehem Community Center 452-2245
 Black Panther Party 465-5047
 Breakaway (Women's Free School) 848-0910
 BUILD (Construction Conspiracy) 841-0478
 Childbirth Education 841-0738
 Consumer Protection 642-6510
 Daily Californian 642-3932
 Downtown Peace Coalition 989-7290
 Draft Help: Bkly 843-9725
 Oak 451-1672
 Haight-Ash 621-9553
 SF 863-0775

East Bay Education Switchboard 526-0550
 East Bay Open Housing 632-9111
 Ecology Action 843-820
 Ecology Center 548-2220
 Ecology Center SF 391-SMOG
 Everyman Free Clinic 861-8883
 Family Planning 845-6550
 Fire Dept. Bkly 845-1701
 Food Project 843-6230

Food Stamps: Bkly 849-2460
 Oak 874-7034
 SF 558-5662

Free Ball Project (SF) 522-2202
 Free Church 549-0649
 Free Clinics: Berkeley Free Clinic 548-2570
 Free Chiropractic Clinic (SF) 391-1848
 Free Black Clinic 548-2570
 Free Hashbury Clinic 431-1714
 Psych Annex 621-8259
 Free Food, W. Oakland 452-2245
 Free Store 533-7210
 Free U 841-6794
 Gay People's Project Office 845-9630
 Good Times 922-9981
 409 House 621-9553
 Hastings Draft Center 621-9851
 Heliotrope SF 661-5537
 Heroin Detoxification SF 621-2014
 Huckleberry's For Runaways 731-3921
 ICCF 525-4375
 IDEAS (American Games Ass) 387-5999
 Indian Center SF 864-2621
 KMPX 771-8503
 KPFA 848-6767
 KSN 986-6244

Legal Help: see under ACLU
 Aid for Criminal Defendants 285-4750
 Asian Legal Services 781-0978
 Citizens' Alert SF 776-9669
 Law Students Civil Rights Research Center 431-3980
 Haight-Ashbury Legal 864-2240

Neighborhood Legal Assistance: Bkly 841-9274
 SF 626-5285
 Peoples' Legal Center 548-8090
 Portrero Hill Legal Defense 285-9950
 W. Oakland Legal Switchboard 836-3013
 Marin Peace Coalition 454-4999
 National Lawyers Guild: Bkly 845-4123
 SF 863-5193

New Morning 845-3441
 Newsreel 621-6196
 Nat'l Transsexual Counseling Unit 421-9850
 Nutrition Info 644-6637
 Pacific Counseling Service: Bkly 431-8080
 Oak 836-1039

Peace and Freedom: SF 664-1941

People's Architecture 845-9627
 People's Medicine Collective 548-5119
 Planned Parenthood: E. Bay 654-3212
 SF 567-0870
 SF Teen Clinic 922-1720

Pregnancy Counsel: SF 922-1720
 Oak 654-4075

Pregnancy Tests: Bkly 845-6550
 Oak 654-4075

Prison Shuttle Service 673-0298
 Project Artaud 864-8798
 Project One 861-6822
 Rap Center 548-2570
 Runaway Center 849-1402
 Society for bio-consciousness 549-3053
 Solidarity Films 843-7888
 Student Research Facility 549-2172
 Suicide Prevention: Alameda Cnty 849-2212
 Contra Costa 939-3232

Switchboards: Alameda 522-8363
 Bkly 549-0649
 E. Oak 569-6369
 Fogline 665-2721
 Haight-Ash 387-7000
 Marin 456-5300
 Marin Music 924-4488
 San Jose 295-2938
 Walnut Creek 937-2710

Taxi Unlimited 841-2345
 Torch Poverty Program 841-9151
 Tribe 549-3391
 United Farm Workers 533-5750
 VD Clinic 845-0197
 Venceremos Brigade 845-6326
 War Resisters League 626-6976
 Welfare: Bkly 849-2460
 Oak 874-6636

Welfare Rights Organization: Mission 648-7580
 White Panther Party (Marin) 924-1159
 Women's Center 845-9403
 Women's Health Collective 548-2570
 Women's Lib SF 861-2114
 Youth Hostel: couples 549-3426
 singles 526-9963



is FREE!!

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24

FLICKS

THEATRE

SOUNDS

*The Lion's Share is closed
 *The Boarding House - see Sunday, except seafood thermidor or baked chicken!

*Telly Rep.-Closed
 *Northside-Billy Liar & The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner

**Hibiscus doing free children's show for Christmas at City Lights Poet's Theatre. 430 Mason St. SF 10:00 788-4831.

Under One Banner

The RPCN (Revolutionary Peoples Communications Network) is an above-ground information and propaganda apparatus. Its role is to serve the underground, as well as those in prisons, the military, or in exile. The concept of the RPCN grew out of the need to find a solution to the very real problem which is the basis of the current confusion among the people - both locally and nationally - is partly the result of the isolation imposed upon us by the lack of such communications machinery.

The whole subject of a communications network is a fundamental question to any group of people. You can't move without information, and with wrong information you're going to move incorrectly.

There is first the need to get down to the community level as closely as possible - to the community organizations and the individuals who are involved in assembling and distributing news of their activities. News can be received from them, and news can be sent to them. These people already exist. What is necessary is to hook up all the various means of

disseminating news into a network that will be responsible for the local, national, and international distribution of such news. It requires consciously motivated people who will be responsible for feeding news into the network. This is not a call for people to give up their organizations they function with now. It is simply a call to get people hooked up in a systematic way of dealing with information.

The task of the RPCN is to get people hooked up and systematized under one banner, so that they can deal with both receiving and sending out information. The national organ of the RPCN is BABYLON. It is available in the Bay Area at the following places:

San Francisco: City Lights, More Bookstore (Divisadero), Phoenix (Haight), Modern Times (Noe Valley), Book Center (Turk St.).
 Berkeley: Yenan, Moe's, Granma, Shakespeare
 Information Is The Raw Material of New Ideas
 Power to the People
 RPCN

SUBSCRIBE

\$5-6 months
 \$8-12 months
 \$12-Aliens
 \$15-Institutionz



FREE TO ALL PRISONERS

SEND TO:

BERKELEY TRIBE
 P.O. BOX 9043
 BERKELEY 94704

NAME

STREET

CITY

STATE

ZIP



CODY'S

Welcomes all people who are seeking light in the form of paperbacks and will sell these paperbacks to all.

CODY'S BOOKS
 Telegraph & Haste

GET WELL SOON

FRED CODY

business fict. business mane statement

The following person is doing business as:

"Jive Record Shop"
 At 5359 1/2 College Avenue
 Oakland, 94618
 Lenny Goldberg
 92 Montell St. This business is conducted by:
 an Individual Signature of:
 Lenny G. Goldberg. I hereby certify that the foregoing is a correct copy of the original on file in my office.
 Dated Oct. 27, 1971
 Jack G. Blue, Clerk
 By C.M. Booker (Dep. Clerk)

NEW ORLEANS HOUSE

Fri, Sat 17,18 Frontier/Congress of Wonders \$2.50

20-29 CLOSED FOR HOLIDAY

Sun. 19 Improvisation-Instant gen. \$2.00
 Theater stu. \$1.50

Thurs, Fri, Sat Dec 30-Jan 1

Lamb/Natural Act

Thurs, Sat. \$3.00, \$4.50 New Year's Eve Tickets available at New Orleans House or you can call in for reservations.

dancing, food, beer, wine, min. age 18

1505 san pablo

525-2221



Once the correct ideas characteristic of the advanced class are grasped by the masses, these ideas turn into a material force which changes society and changes the world.

Mao Tsetung

SELECTED WORKS of MAO TSETUNG

\$6.00
 4 vol.

YENAN

2506 HASTE BERKELEY CALIFORNIA 94704

WOMEN
MARCH



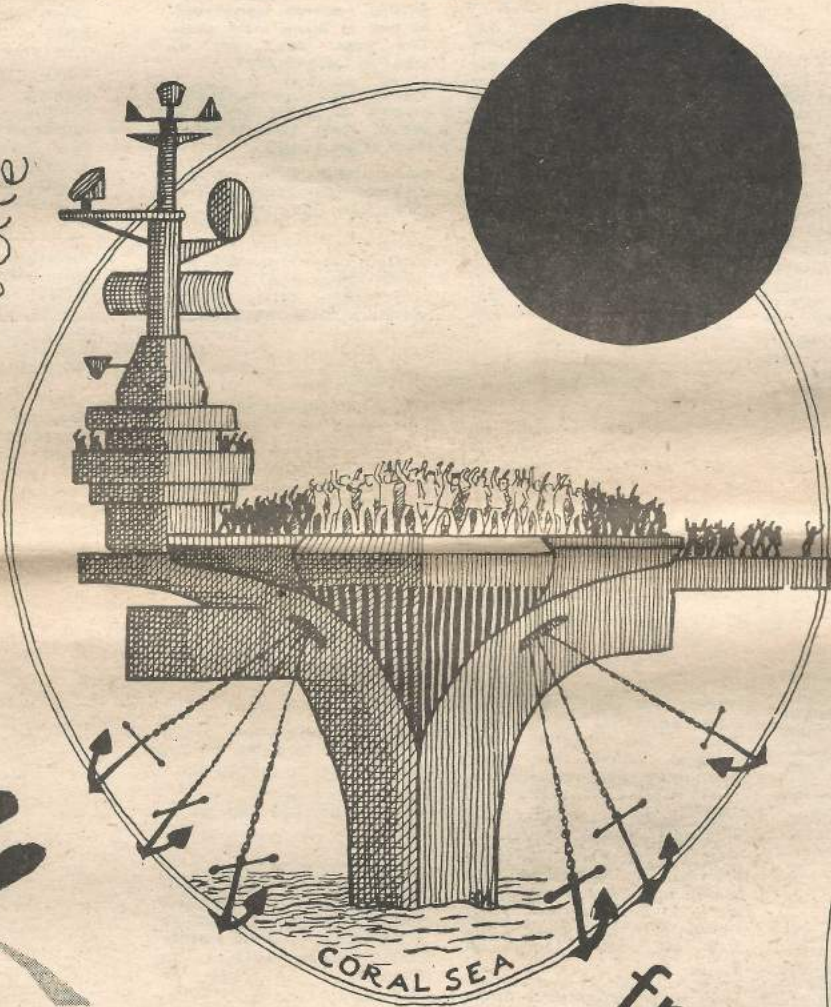
ON
PENTAGON



Weather Underground.



Sam melville



WOMEN
CLINIC



TELEGRAM FROM MME. BINH

ALERT YOU LAOS INVASION BY TENS OF THOUSANDS U.S. SAIGON, THAI
TROOPS STOP ACTION INTENSE U.S. AIR FORCE STOP EARNESTLY CALL
YOU TO MOBILIZE PEACE FORCES IN YOUR COUNTRY TO CHECK U.S.
DANGEROUS MILITARY VENTURES IN INDOCHINA STOP END

LAOS

free
billy
smith



price freeze

